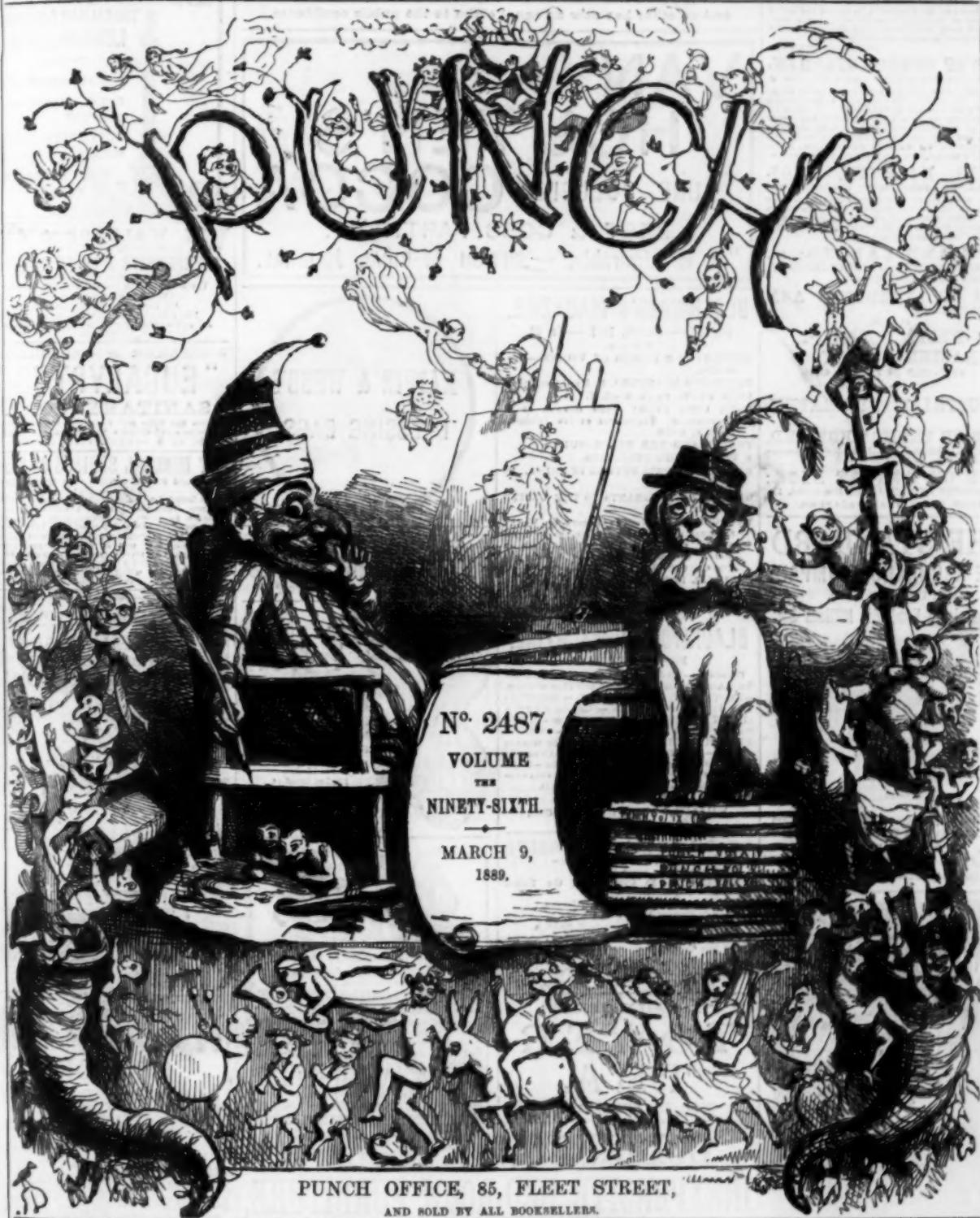


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ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, February 26.—Quite delightful to find so many persons of distinction turning their attention, at length, to the Law. The wife of an eminent ex-Premier was accommodated with a seat amongst the Press. So far as I can understand, it seems to be a rule of Court, when in doubt as to what to do with an importunate celebrity, to find him or her (as the case may be) a seat amongst the

Press. Thus the seats reserved for the chroniclers were, as my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, would say, "rather suggestive of pressure." I am quite sure, however, that my learned and laughter-leading friend will agree with me that the occasion



See-Saw.

scarcely warranted a distinctly mirth-provoking display of what (in our opinion) might be termed forensic jocularly. For the occasion was certainly a solemn one.

On the Commissioners taking their places, after bowing to the Bar (by the way, I fancy their Lordships must sometimes miss the cordial courtesy of the briefless brotherhood who have had to surrender their benches to others), there was a slight pause. My learned friends, the leaders on both sides, were present, but the witness-box was empty. Then it transpired that Mr. PIGOTT (a gentleman whose cross-examination, I think I may venture to say, without laying myself open to a charge of contempt, was becoming quite a feature in the case), had removed himself without giving reasonable notice of his intention so to do. Immediately Mr. ATTORNEY—(by the way, how sincerely my learned friend Mr. SOLICITOR must regret that he is not associated with his brother Law Officer of the Crown in this deeply interesting case)—had announced and proved that Mr. PIGOTT was non est, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in his most persuasive manner,



Ready for a Box.

asked for a warrant for the witness's apprehension. To this the Bench consented, after acknowledging, in suitable terms, Sir CHARLES's eloquence. Then there was quite a competition for a place in the witness-box. Mr. SOAMES was Sir RICHARD's candidate, and Messrs. LEWIS, LABOUCHERE, PARNELL, and persons of lesser note were ready to represent the other side. Ultimately, Mr. SOAMES appeared, and gave additional particulars about Mr. PIGOTT's correspondence—a correspondence always of a more or less interesting character. After Mr. GEORGE LEWIS had been called, came an adjournment—nay, I believe many adjournments—in fact, I do not think I should be far out if I describe the day's proceeding as "intermittent adjournment." The order was somewhat as follows:—1. Fiery

address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL about something or other. 1. Mild remonstrance of the Bench. 3. Renewed fiery address. 4. Desire of Mr. ATTORNEY and "the friends, with whom he was associated," to consider their position. 5. Adjournment. Their Lordships' appearances and disappearances were not only frequent, but (from a spectacular point of view) most pleasing—the Commissioners seemed to be taking part in a new figure of a sort of forensic set of legal Lancers. The "setting" every time the Commissioners appeared on the Bench of the Judges to the Bar was full of a semi-gay and semi-gloomy grandeur. During the absence of my learned (but slightly embarrassed) friend, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, and those with whom he was acting, my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, occupied his place, and I have reasons for believing employed his brief leisure in preparing proofs that, had they been made exhibits in the case, would, I fancy, have illustrated the situation in a manner entirely satisfactory to all parties. And here I may note, that during the absence of the Commissioners, their ever courteous Secretary served as a truly admirable *locum tenens*. One of the most dramatic situations of a day full of excitement was the moment when a loudly-talking audience were hushed to a deathly silence to hear the ever courteous Secretary ask (in tones at once solemn and business-like) for the name of the constable who should be charged with the duty of apprehending PIGOTT. The day's proceedings were brought to a pleasant close by a merriment-compelling joke of Sir JAMES HANSEN about "catching a hare," which sent me and the rest of my learned friends into hearty but respectful convulsions.

Wednesday.—Again the Court was crowded. Since the adjournment it appeared Sir RICHARD WEBSTER had devoted his whole attention—"almost entirely every second of his time"—to the grave matter claiming their Lordships' consideration. My learned friend handed to the Court a packet bearing a superscription, which was alleged to be in the handwriting of Mr. RICHARD PIGOTT. Sir JAMES HANSEN gave the necessary permission to the ever courteous Secretary to read the documents which the packet was found to contain, and the obliging official (with the zealous aid of talented assistants), carried out his Lordship's instructions. The documents consisted of a signed confession, witnessed by Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and a brief but cheery letter from Mr. PIGOTT, pleasantly intimating that he "would write soon." The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then made a statement, in which he presumed (and, if I may humbly suggest, rightly presumed) "that everyone would agree with him that no one ought to attach any weight to the evidence he (PIGOTT) had given." He further expressed sincere regret, in which I think all of us (and I even venture to include the persons accused in the number), must have shared, that the letters received from Mr. PIGOTT had been published. Mr. PARNELL was then called, and on oath denied the authenticity of the letters which had been imputed to him—he had neither written them nor authorised them to be written. He moreover gave evidence of his skill as an expert in the comparison of penmanship. During the examination of this witness Sir CHARLES received assistance from my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH, whose services in the case (if I may be permitted to suggest) have been of very great and very distinct value. My learned friend's learned leader listened with the greatest attention to his Junior's remarks.

However, this did not create surprise, as Sir CHARLES is well known for the marked courtesy he invariably displays to those members of the Outer Bar who have the honour to act with him. Shortly afterwards, as there were no other witnesses ready for examination, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER having also expressed a desire for further time, the Court adjourned. Thus the proceedings of this sitting only occupied about forty minutes, and were not quite so exciting a character as those of the previous day. Indeed the rising of their Lordships was at so early an hour, that my learned friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL did not consume his usual self-strengthening "refresher"—a compound in a soda-water glass, that, from a distance, suggests



A Refresher.

some delicious preparation of coffee. However (and I have no doubt my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, will confirm the assertion), the documents received from Mr. PIGOTT were in themselves a "refresher" of a sufficiently supporting character.

Friday.—Only formal evidence and paper-reading. However, the law-loving spectators were cheered by the promise that an important statement would be made to them on the following Tuesday.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

REALA.

Another Study from Life, after "Ideals."

SHE came among us with a flourish of trumpets, and we have never been able to get rid of her since. We have leaped over her, careered around her, and yelled at her. Yet there was nothing very remarkable about her. I think something was wrong with her hair. But she had those lustrous and translucent eyes, like great saucers of whelks, which thrill yet confound the unobservant spectator with a sense as of some remote and ill-disciplined longing. She had curious notions on the subject of dress, and it was never easy to say exactly what she had got on. Sometimes she would appear in a sort of loose bed-curtain that fitted her like a sack; sometimes in a *cretonne* tea-gown *bouillonné*, with a ruching of antimacassars; but whatever she wore it was sure to be staring and inappropriate. "It isn't the clothes that make the woman, but the woman that makes the clothes," she said to me one afternoon, throwing off with her rich aluminium laugh one of those profound philosophical aphorisms that used to fall from her so plentifully at about this time; and we all clapped our hands and capered after her.

It was at a garden-party at the Bishop's that I first met her, and she was in one of her absent moods. A performance of Punch and Judy had been provided for the entertainment of the guests, and she was seated opposite this watching the progress of the story with a rapt and earnest gaze, slowly helping herself the meanwhile from a large plate of muffins that she had unconsciously appropriated and held on her lap. At length she reached the last half-slice that made up the dozen, and apparently realised the feat she had accomplished, for she rose with an impatient sweep of her head, and made for the house. I don't think she can have been feeling very well after that, but we were anxious to see what she would be up to next, and we followed her. REALA was in a curious mood that afternoon. She found the dear good old Bishop fast asleep in an American rocking-chair with his feet on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and she tilted him out of it under the grate. We quickly rescued him, and sat him up on a sofa, and rubbed his legs for him, but on being informed what had happened, he only smiled feebly and shook his good old head and said, "It was so like REALA!" REALA meantime was supremely unconscious of the whole incident. She had taken the red-hot poker from the fire, and in a dreamy abstracted manner was drawing patterns with it on a blue satin ottoman. On one of us pointing out to her the damage she was doing, she suddenly looked up with a surprised smile, and saying, "Dear me, I thought I was stirring the fire!" deposited the poker, still red-hot, in the gold-fish globe. In less than two minutes the fish were boiled, and as she swept out of the room, humming the refrain of a low music-hall comic song, we all with one accord, echoed the good old Bishop's words, and said, "How like REALA!"

But a great change had come over REALA latterly. We had all noted it, and agreed that her moral nature had undergone a pantomimic-transformation scene. The truth was she had met JERRYMANDER. I don't know where she picked him up. "I just saw him, and went for him," REALA had said to me one day, with her own marvellous incisiveness of expression, when I asked her about him. She had found him at the Pauper's Cosmopolitan Palace of Superfluous Delights, a colossal undertaking to which he had been appointed managing director. She was at that time thinking of putting *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* into blank verse, and I fancy she went to him to give her a hint or two how to set about it. They took in the half-penny papers at the palace, and so she would naturally have had these to fall back upon as a library of reference.

But it was a peculiar institution. It had been founded by several millionaires, for the purpose of supplying indigent paupers with useless commodities. These were arriving all day, at the front entrance, in waggon-loads; and JERRYMANDER's spacious eight-windowed room, to which they were continually being transferred, afforded a spectacle of chaos and confusion that defies description. The splendid Louis Thirteenth silk-brocaded furniture of the apartment was literally covered with piles of jam tarts, diamonds, pork chops, heads of celery, unstrung pearls, rich Eastern silks, choice *objets de vertu*, patent



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

He. "BY JOVE, IT'S THE BEST THING I'VE EVER PAINTED!—AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE IT TO MARY MORISON FOR HER WEDDING PRESENT!"

His Wife. "OH, BUT, MY LOVE, THE MORISONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO HOSPITABLE TO US! YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HER A REAL PRESENT, YOU KNOW—A FAN, OR A SCENT-BOTTLE, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

blackening-bottles, polishing-paste, jewellery of the most delicate description, kitchen utensils, cases of British wine, and a thousand-and-one other miscellaneous articles.

Here REALA would sit watching JERRYMANDER as he rushed raving about the room, tearing his hair, and maddened by the confusion and disorder which he was powerless to control. They would be for hours together like this, then he would suddenly start up and say, "There is no means of getting a sandwich in this confounded establishment; let us come to the railway buffet round the corner, and have a regular champagne luncheon." REALA asked no questions, but followed him. And this went on daily. But things came to an end at last.

One afternoon, when the customary champagne lunch was over, and they had returned again to his quarters, JERRYMANDER, looking at her almost savagely, said, "I tell you what, this can't go on."

REALA faced him steadily, and drank him in with her large melting saucer eyes. "Can't you guess?" he hissed, slowly. Then he groaned and tore his hair, and rolled about the floor, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable emotion, knocking over chairs and tables as he proceeded, and scattering pearls, pork chops, diamonds, patent medicines, mechanical toys, and new potatoes in every direction in his progress. REALA got on a chair and watched him.

"I guess," she said softly, to herself, "I had better get out of this." Then she left him.

After this, she disappeared for several years; but one evening, when we had invited a few dozen friends to meet the Bishop at a quiet little dinner, she suddenly turned up with the railway omnibus, and took us all by surprise. We rushed at her in a body, gave her three cheers, and carried her up in triumph to the drawing-room. She bounded from us, and came down with a heavy *pirouette* upon the good old Bishop's toe. He started with the pain, and, rubbing his glasses, said, "Why! bless me, if this isn't REALA!" "Yes, my Lord," she answered, chucking him, in her old familiar manner, playfully under the chin—"and, what is more, I've come to stay for six months." She had—for she is with us still—and how we shall ever get rid of her again—Goodness only knows!

THE LITTLE FLIRT'S LETTER.

"There is no doubt about it. There is a distinct and steady decline in the time-honoured office of a Chaperon; and, as far as we can see, there is every prospect that this much-maligned, long-suffering individual will soon cease to exist."—*The Lady.*

My dear Mr. Punch, I must shout *Hip! Hurrah!*
You really don't know *how delighted we are*,
To read there's a prospect, at no distant day,
Of ending the grim chaperonical way:
When girls will be able to do as they please,
With no one to counsel, or worry, or tease!—
When I may sit talking with *Someone* alone,
Unmindful of frowns from a prim Chaperon!



If I'm at the Play, in the smartest of frocks,
And BERTIE should chance to look in at our box:
(He's tall and extravagant, well-dressed and dear—
A poor younger son, who has nothing a year!)
I know why he comes, for he's bored with the play,
I see, by his eyes, what he's longing to say—
Though forced to reply in my frigid tone,
I wish I could strangle my stiff Chaperon!

'Tis hard that I always am under her thrall,
That I ne'er can escape at a rout or a ball;
She vows I shall dance with Sir CHARLES CLARRIVERE,
Because he's a banker with thousands a year!
He's fat, and he's gouty—just look at his shoes—
If ALGY should ask me, I'm bound to refuse!
Though none can value better than he, I must own
Such partners are gall to my sharp Chaperon!

Her eye is a piercer, which few can evade—
I loathed her last Sunday at Prayer-Book Parade!
When innocent HUGHIE, who tried to look good,
Found all his nice speeches were misunderstood,
She saw through my semblance of haughty disdain—
He spelled for an invite to luncheon in vain!
How I longed for some power to swiftly dethrone
And quite disestablish my strict Chaperon!

Thank goodness, the Chaperon's dynasty's past,
And there is some chance of enjoyment at last!
Her dull, rigid reign let us try to forget,
The irksome restraint of her cold etiquette:
For we will decide what is quite *comme il faut*,
The men to be danced with, the people to know!
So, dear Mr. Punch, let it widely be known,
In future a girl is her own Chaperon!

"If I've no appetite," says Mrs. R., "I always find the best thing to take is a glass of nice Manila Sherry and Ananada Bitters, about half-an-hour before dinner."

Bo-Peep in the Peers.

LORD CARNARVON would keep
From the Peers all "black sheep":
Says SALISBURY, "Where will you find them?
Let them alone,
There are few, almost none,—
Best go on our way, and not mind them!"

DUE SOUTH.

MONTE CARLO, February, 1889.

ON my road to the Casino at Monte Carlo I meet HODGKINS, PETERSON, and FLICKMORE. "How have you done?" I ask, as I am collecting all the information I can about the country, so to speak, in which I am about to try my fortune.

"Pretty fair," answers HODGKINS. "Not bad," says PETERSON. "Might have been worse," observes FLICKMORE.

"Lost five hundred louis first day," says HODGKINS, looking sharply at his two friends.

I smile sympathetically. Five hundred! Dear me, a large sum to lose. And I began to think that I'd better reflect before I tempt the hazard of roulette.

"We picked it up next day, though," puts in PETERSON, also looking round at his companions, and smiling.

"And the second day were two thousand to the good," says FLICKMORE. "Not pounds—louis; but not bad business even in that."

Bad business, indeed! I wish it would happen to me even in francs—or half francs, for the matter of that. I am eager to know the system.

"Well," answers HODGKINS, "you see it's a little difficult to explain and to carry out, unless you're really going in for it. Perhaps you'd hardly understand it."

Well, I think my powers of comprehension are quite up to this; I mean that, if these three chaps, who are mere *fâneurs* on the face of the earth (except when they are in their business in the City) can master the system, I'm pretty sure that I can.

"Can't you give me an idea of it?" I ask, almost piteously.

"Well," says FLICKMORE, "it takes a day to carry out properly, even with luck, and it requires three fellows to play it. We're a Syndicate, and we bring in five hundred apiece. Lose that, we stop."

Thank you. Much obliged. I needn't trouble them for their system, as I am not "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and so can't be a Syndicate.

They are going in to the Casino, and pass me on the steps. Now what shall I do? While I am meditating on my plan of campaign, Lord ARTHUR STONEBROKE, passing me hurriedly, cries, "Halloa, old chap, going in to break the Bank, eh?" I reply, as he halts for a second by the door, as carelessly as I can, as if I hadn't quite decided whether I should let the Bank have another day's grace or not,—"Well, I don't know." And then I pay him the compliment of asking "what he is going to do," as if to imply that my movements shall be decided by his.

"Oh," says he, in an off-hand manner, "I'm just going in for a flutter before dinner. Only taking in five hundred louis."

I nod to him pleasantly, and he passes in, and disappears. "Only five hundred louis to play with before dinner!" I am debating with myself whether I shall put on three five-franc pieces all at once, or extend the operation as they used to do the torture of the rack by doing it in three turns. Shall I stop at three five-franc pieces, or shall I go on to six? Let me see—five five-franc pieces are a sovereign, and therefore ten make two sovereigns. I wish one could make two sovereigns—and that one be myself.

First Decision.—I settle that it is better to have the ten five-franc pieces in my pocket, in case I want to play.

Second Decision.—The number of my coat is 200. I've often heard that a man backing the number of his coat, or multiple of it, or some division of it, makes a heap of money. Happy Thought. Try it. I ask SMITHSON, who has been an *habitué* for years, how he would divide 200 so as to make it into playable numbers. SMITHSON, with an air that inspires me with confidence, says offhand, "Put on the six premiers—that includes the two—in the middle dozen, so does that—on the pair, which includes the 20, and on zero, that's your game." And, nodding knowingly to me, he walks away with the satisfied air of a man who has done the best he can for a friend, and who, throwing off the responsibility there and then, leaves the friend to do the best he can for himself. I note it down, and determine to act upon it. It is, one fiver—I mean one five-franc piece—that is, four-and-twopence, only it sounds more sporting to speak of them as "fivers"—one fiver on the first six numbers, another on the middle dozen, another on "even," and another on zero. Good. Stay—that makes four all at once, and I only intended to put on three. If I lose these, then on go four more—that's eight—and I shall only have two left.

I decide to change a third sovereign—just as well to have fifteen "fivers" (silver fivers) in my pocket as ten.

I enter the room. I walk up to the Changers' bureau, and get my fifteen French five-franc pieces in exchange for three beautiful golden English sovereigns. It doesn't seem fair, to begin with. I look upon them as counters, and three sovereigns seems a lot of money to pay for fifteen counters. I go to a roulette-table in first room. Crowd. No getting near it. I see PETERSON with a pile of gold before him, looking very serious; behind him stand HODGKINS and FLICKMORE. Their eyes are on the table. They don't see me. Next moment the *croupier* cries out something that I don't catch, and the effect of it is that a lot of money is swept off one way, a lot another, and then HODGKINS and FLICKMORE seem to breathe again as PETERSON has notes and gold pushed towards him with the *croupier's* rake. Somehow I don't like this table. I leave it. I don't even visit the one opposite, and enter the middle room. Here the table at the lower end has an attraction for me. Some one standing by one of the *croupiers* just moves out, and leaves a momentary vacancy, which fate seems to point out to me as the very place for me. It is almost opposite pair, which just suits my plan, the only difficulty being to get at the other end of the table, and deposit my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, and to get

it back again, with the companion which it ought to win, from that distance in safety. At the tables I have often heard of old French women collaring what doesn't belong to them; and then, indignantly protesting that the expostulating Englishman had tried to rob them.

This rather sets me against the middle dozen. Also somehow I don't fancy zero. If I snub the middle dozen and zero, then I only need risk two fivers each time, and this will give me more sport for my money. And, after all, on the middle dozen you only get two to one, and the odds against zero turning up are greater than against anything else on the table. Besides, instead of losing four each time, I should only lose two. For all these excellent reasons I decide to follow only half of my friend's advice, and I select the *six premiers* and *pair*. When shall I begin? No time like the present. Now: this next turn. I brace up my nerves, I give a nod that the Duke of WELLINGTON, at Waterloo, might have copied, when he shut up his telescope with a snap and gave the word to charge, and producing two five-franc pieces, I lean over the man in front, and with a polite "Pardon, M'sieur!" I take his rake from him, and push my piece on to *pair*, nearly jolting him in the eye with the handle as I draw the instrument back again. Elderly Frenchman looks up angrily. I feel hot and awkward: I foresee a duel, and so give him a smiling apology to turn away his wrath (which it doesn't), and then catching the *croupier's* eye—not with the rake this time, but figuratively with my eye—I ask him to shove my other five-franc piece on to *six premiers*, which he does with a careless air as if it didn't matter two-pence to him (and it doesn't), or to anybody (no more it does except to myself and family), what becomes of this absurd stake.

Then I draw back, fold my arms, try to appear utterly indifferent, look round the table to see if I can spot a friend to nod to, fail, and then I keep my eye on my pieces, and stoically await the issue. "*Rien ne va plus!*"—click!—it is over. *King-cinq*—middle dozen and uneven. Thank you—five-franc pieces, fare ye well!

Two more on the same. Same business of jobbing Frenchman's eye with rake, catching *croupier's* eye, folding arms, awaiting verdict—which *nineteen!*

Thank you. Excuse second supply. Upon my word, I think I'll try the whole lot at once. *Six premiers*—zero (hate zero)—*pair*—and middle dozen. I do. MIDDLETON comes up at the minute. "Doing any good?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. As I turn round, the number is called—I don't see what it is—but whatever it was, I find that it was neither zero, nor *pair*, nor middle dozen, nor *six premiers*, and all my pretty chicks are gone at one fell swoop. No, I'll limit myself to two. It's quite enough to lose at a time. And those two shall be—stay shall I change my plan—evidently I'm not in luck. Wish I hadn't asked SMITHSON how to divide 200. Also wish I'd never heard that some gamblers choose the number of the ticket given them for their coat, and have immense luck with it. Stupid story: it's stories like this that lead one so astray.

My last two. I object to zero. The first six have played me false. The middle dozen can no longer be trusted. *Impair* has once stood my friend. Suddenly the number 19, which has nothing whatever to do with my calculations, seems to stand out from the rest, and invite me. It absolutely seems to say, "Put five francs on me, and one on the red." My whole plans are deranged. Nineteen is staring at me. "You'll regret not planking down on me," it says. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Faites!*" Fate it is. Once more "pardon," and I job the irate Monsieur in the eye with the end of the rake. On to the 19 plump, *en plein*. Already I see the *croupier* preparing to pay me thirty-five times my stake. Shall I put another, the other—and the last—on something? If so, on what? The ball is whizzing round! The second—shall I on zero? SMITHSON said *zero*—it was part of his original plan—as I catch the *croupier's* eye—an inspiration. "*Six premiers, s'il vous plait!*"—he pushes it on just where I would give any amount—another five francs to recall it. The *croupier* opposite says, inexorably, "*Rien ne va plus!*" and—click! *zero!* Ha! ha! and I was within an ace of putting on zero. O SMITHSON! When I tell you that, after asking your advice, I've not acted on it, you will think I've been making a fool of you—and of myself.

Shall I change another sovereign? And try another table? I will. I go to the magician who warily examines and changes the gold into silver behind the pigeon-hole of the bureau, and get my five-franc pieces. Odd! this time as I slip them into my pocket, I feel as if I'd won them from the man behind the pigeon-hole, and somehow, I experience the pleasant sensation of having somehow or another got the best of him in a bargain. To which table shall I go? What plan shall I pursue? With SMITHSON'S I can only play once with four francs, and if I lose, then once with one. At this moment up comes BYNGLEIGH.

Now and Then.

A LITTLE while ago the Knights of the Modern Round Table, were, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "within sight of each other." Now they appear (politically speaking) to be taking sights at each other all round.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the most recently produced piece at the Princess's will, no doubt, sooner or later, find its way to the Provinces, I give you a few particulars for the information of all England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. It is "a new Romantic Drama," and also "a Tale of the Turf;" it is called *Now-a-Days*, and is written by Mr. WILSON BARRETT (again to quote from the programme), "the most popular actor of the age." So far as incident is concerned, it is



Now-a-Days.

very like *Flying Scud* and *The Odds*—two sporting Dramas that were exceedingly popular some ten or twenty years ago. There is also a savour about it of the *Run of Luck*, which was produced a little while back at Drury Lane. The dialogue is rather uneven—some of it not very good; some of it very far from bad. The author introduces us to a strange set, in which are included a "heavy father," who makes an honest livelihood by gambling; a pathetic bookmaker, who is the bosom friend of a country squire; a masher jockey, who is joyfully accepted as the said squire's son-in-law; and a wicked baronet, whose better nature comes well to the fore in the last Act. So far as I am aware, it is not a very correct realisation of modern society. To go into details, the scenery is excellent, and the acting quite as good as the piece deserves. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD greatly distinguishes himself in the part of a low-class betting man. It is a very clever sketch, and quite worth seeing. Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who reminded me not a little of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), appears in a character that I fancy is intended to be more comic than tragic, but of this I will not be sure. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is the pathetic bookmaker, and certainly the creation is an interesting one. Still I think the two brothers might swap parts with advantage. Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE, "the sole lessee of the theatre," is also included in the caste. I may add that the "most popular actor of the age," although fairly amusing in the last scene (especially when he condescended to show nothing but his legs kicking over a boarding), was more to my taste as the *Silver King*, or even in *Hamlet*. I shall not be surprised if *Now-a-Days* is very well attended during Lent.

The Yeomen of the Guard is going merrily at the Savoy. The music improves on acquaintance, and the acting is excellent all round. Sir ARTHUR, I fancy, will not be required to supply anything better to fill this popular house for a very long time to come.

Weather, as I write, bitterly cold, consequently I shiver as I sign myself, once more at home, THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

What Next?

(By a Volary of the Wood.)

THESE Leagues are just getting too doosed despotic.

There are Leagues against Landlords, and Leagues against Drink; And now here's another called "Anti-Narcotic,"

Whose object—confound it!—is—what do you think?

To put out our pipes, and taboo our Tobacco!

By Jove, Mr. Punch, 'tis too much of a joke!

Many Leagues we to faddist, fanatic, and quack owe.

But this?—Well, thank goodness, it must "end in Smoke!"

A MISSING COLLIE.—"IGNORAMUS" writes to say that he went to the Collie Show held last week at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and was disappointed. Among all the Collies, he didn't find a single CIEBER.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macchuskey." "WEEL, MY BRAW WEE ENGLISH LADDIE! HERE HAVE I COME A' THE WAY TO LONDON TO VEESEE Y'E GUID FEYTHER AND MITHER, THAT BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM TO SEE ME IN THRUMNITROCHIT LAST YEAR—WHERE YE RODE A COCKHORSE ON MY KNEE! D'YE MIND ME, THE NOO!"

The Braw Wee English Laddie. "OH NO—I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND MAMMA!"

BLOW IT, BOREAS, BLOW IT!

A PLAIN MAN'S ODE TO MARCH.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"ROARING MOON of daffodil and crocus!"
(As I think you once were dubbed by
TENNYSON.)
Clear us of foul cants that blind and choke us,
And you'll earn our benison.

Your East Wind is an ill wind to most of us,
Torment to our lips, our lungs, our livers;
Giving to the suffering human host of us
Shock, and smarts, and shivers.

Yet if you will only waft away from us
Much that makes our public life so hateful,
Blow the foul miasmas of the day from us,
We shall be quite grateful.

Life, dear March, is getting too mephitic.
Clear us, if you can, of scurril shindy,
Party Pasquin, and log-rolling critic,
Spouter wild and windy.

Blow away the blatant Boanerges,
And the perorating public liar.
Yes, the year on vernal verdure verges,
Whiff from budding briar

Soon shall greet us when abroad we wander;
But there's an effluvium foul and sickening—
'Tis the pestilential breath of Slander,
Daily, hourly thickening.

Oh, for any Boreas-cum-Eurus,
Though as fierce as HARCOURT's hot
polemic,
That should clear the atmosphere, and
cure us
Of this epidemic!

This fierce Saturnalia of Spitefulness,
This base Billingsgate of mutual "slating,"
Robs the dawning Spring of all delightful-
'Tis asphyxiating.

Blow these mad M.P.'s, all blare and blether,
Madly bent on mutual provoking,
While in all this fury of foul weather,
Public spirit's choking!

Blow these big and little party papers,
Basely slandering and boldly lying,
Whilst amidst their mean, malignant capers,
Common sense seems dying!

Blow the whole vile, venomous fraternity,
Tools of huckster greed or party profit,
Who, for pence, would make to all eternity
Public life a Tophet!

Yes, loud March, I own I do not love you;
But I'd brave your asthma and bronchitis
If you'd scatter—is the task above you?
Malice's mephitic.

Cant, and calumny, and mean mendacity,
Cloud our civic atmosphere—all know it.
If March winds can clear the foul opacity,
Blow it, Boreas, blow it!

VERY O.U.D.-ACIOUS!

"Ho! Lictors, clear the way!" This is just what the Lictors at the Oxford revival of *Julius Caesar* failed to do. They didn't even "clear" the Curtain, but got their "fasces" mixed up with it in such a curious fashion that the audience tittered. Probably they were not aware that Lictors and "sticks" have been connected from the earliest classical ages. Then, weren't there too many women and children about the stage? We confess not to know much about these classical occasions, but surely when a revolution was going on, all the little Roman girls didn't appear in the streets? Anyhow while *Antony* was making his funeral oration they seemed superfluous.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA must have revelled in that Scene of the Forum! He and Mr. HALL between them have made an admirable thing out of it. The Temple of Janus and the Capitol in the background are picturesque, and so is the "Rostra" in front—so-called, we were told by an undergraduate who accompanied us, because it was the place where the Roman "beaks" used to give judicial decisions. Some old Roman wag had actually painted pictures of beaks on the pedestal! Very disrespectful! Perhaps one of the classical children before-mentioned as pervading the performance did it.

As a whole, the play was good, and interesting. Lovers of the Bard might have done much worse than take a return-ticket to the Isis to see it.



PENANCE!

"HIS HONOUR ROOTED IN DISHONOUR STOOD,
AND FAITH UNFAITHFUL MADE HIM FALSELY TRUE."—TENNYSON.



JUST OFF!

"RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!"

"HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. EIGHTH EVENING.

"THERE is a Blind Man whom I know very well," the Moon told Mr. Punch. "He has never seen me, but I have seen him for many years now. All his dogs I have known, too—some of them really intimately, for most dogs are in the habit of telling me their private affairs, when they are tied up alone and I am at leisure to listen to their grievances. One dog of his was a particular friend of mine, and it is about him that I am going to tell you this evening. He was a terrier, with long bluish hair, and a face that somehow always put me in mind of a pansy. His master had trained him very well, and he was naturally intelligent. Every morning when the Blind Man left his lodging, the dog would take him to a corner, where the omnibus passed, and, when he had seen him safely inside, would run away across the Park, and wait for his master there; and when the omnibus arrived, and put him down, the dog's leash was fastened on again, and he led the Blind Man to a certain passage behind a church, where he sits all day and makes nets. I have seen this myself on many a morning, when I have been up later than usual. And the dog would lie by his side with a tin cup under his chin, and, whenever a passer-by dropped a coin in the cup, the dog would thump his thanks with his tail on the pavement. He was, of course, deeply attached to his master. One night, when I came out as usual, and looked down into the deep narrow passage, I found the Blind Man sitting all alone; and for many nights after that he sat there, netting by the light of a candle stuck in a lump of clay, with no dog by his side. The fact was, that some thief (who must have been more wicked than most thieves) had stolen the poor man's dog. However, before very long, a kind-hearted person gave him another—a great ugly lurcher this new dog was, who would not wag his tail even for silver, and who growled, and showed his teeth, if any stranger attempted to pat him. Still, he was honest and faithful, in his way, and his master soon grew used, and even attached to him.

"Well, and this is my real story:—One evening, long after this, I saw another dog come hurrying down the passage, and I recognised him instantly—it was the pansy-faced terrier, the one that had been so cruelly stolen. He was greatly changed, and, I am glad to say, for the better, since I had seen him last. Then he had been gaunt,

and his coat harsh, and uncared for; now he was sleek and smooth, he wore a silver collar, and his hair was carefully parted all down the middle of his back. But, for all that, he seemed overjoyed at getting back again to his old master, and the leash, and the tin cup, and lying still all day, and he danced round him, barking violently, and leaping up frantically to fondle and caress him.

"The Blind Man sat there, puzzled. He could only recognise objects by the touch; and this silky-coated, well-fed animal, did not remind him in the least of his shaggy old servant—he imagined it was some gentleman's pet, who had taken a sudden fancy to him. I longed to tell him who it was; but a poor Moon can't do everything, and I found I could not make him understand me.

"All at once the original dog saw his successor, and grasped the situation in an instant. Before he could take his old place, he must drive the intruder away—so, though he was no match for the lurcher, he flew at him furiously.

"There was a terrible combat; the coppers flew out of the tin cup, and went rolling and chinking over the flagstones; the lurcher, though hampered by his chain, fought savagely, and the pansy-faced terrier was generally undermost, though that was, in some ways, better for him, for then he escaped the heavy stick with which the Blind Man laid about him in all directions.

"The fight could only end in one way; the lurcher was so much stronger, and the original dog seemed to get so much more than his share of the stick. He fought on as long as he could, but at last he saw that he was beaten, and must give it up. So he disengaged himself, all torn and bleeding, crept up to his master's side, and licked his hand once more, in token of forgiveness and farewell, and then limped away, whining, into the darkness, while the lurcher, still grumbling, coiled himself up, and, after licking his wounds a little, went to sleep.

"I think," concluded the Moon, "that the defeated dog went back to his new owners, where he was certainly much better off, and he has certainly never returned to the passage again. I am sorry for him, nevertheless, and I wish he could have been allowed to stay."

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—Anglo-Saxon is being hurriedly acquired in Biarritz in honour of the QUEEN'S visit. A shopkeeper already hopes "to be a ris person" before HER MAJESTY'S departure.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 59.



ROUGH SKETCH OF MINISTERIALISTS LISTENING TO THE G. O. M.

BELGRAVIA V. BOHEMIA;

OR, ART AND ADVERTISEMENT.

SCENE—A Studio. *The Bohemian speaks:—*

So his picture 's sold, and mine isn't!
Well, I own it is rather a blow.
My coat is so painfully shabby,
And my friends are so painfully low.
They say that I keep in the background,
Don't put myself forward enough,
For these are the days of advertisement,
Paragraph, Posters, and Puff.
Well, no one can say that of him,
No bushel hides his little light;
He's nobbled the Press pretty well,
And perhaps, after all, he is right—
There's nothing he's kept from the Papers,
Nothing he's ever conceal'd.
Except, p'raps, his talent for painting,
And that is—as yet—unreveal'd.
You may read of the servants he keeps
Of his butler, and coachman, and groom;
Of the size of the bed that he sleeps in,
And how many sleep in a room.
Of the lemony-pink of the doorway,
The hall with its luminous mauve;
And the duck-weedy green of the boudoir,
And the soft yellow-tinted alcove.
The lamp that's so quaint and artistic,
With its gentle and soft diffused light—
So soft that you can't see to read by it.
And certainly can't see to write,
You can read of the terrible quarrel
He had with his whilom dear friend
When one of them wanted to borrow
And t'other dear friend wouldn't lend.
You can read of the parties he gives,
And the dresses the fine ladies wear, [them,
With the names of the firms who supplied
And a list of the "smart" people there.
Some two or three ladies of title,
Who really don't know why they go; [dear,
"But those artists you know, are so odd,
And quaint in their ways, don't—cher know."
Then forsooth he declaims about Art,
The Beautiful, Chaste, and Sublime;
How Art must be kept Pure and Holy;
Art is not for now, but all time!!
Fugh! why can't he try and be plainer,
And placard himself once for all
With sauces, and boots, and mix'd pickles,
On ev'ry street-hoarding and wall?
But why should I bother about him,
It's no use to snarl and to whine;
If he chooses to crawl in the gutter,
It's surely no bus'ness of mine.
What reason have I got to grumble?
I'm not badly off as I am.
What I've earned, I have honestly earned,
And never by shoddy or sham.
I've plenty of friends at my back,
Tho' you wouldn't describe them as "smart;"
But they've brains and, moreover, they've
what

Some "smart" people haven't—a heart.
So I think I'll go quietly on
Independent and free while I can,
After all, tho' my coat is so shabby.
There's something in being a Man!!
I wonder now if he remembers
The old student days long ago—
There were four of us chumming together
In a little back-street in Soho—
How hungry we were in those days,
And how seldom we had any meat.
When we hadn't we eat baked potatoes
"All hot," from a can in the street.
I wonder now if he would come
And sup with us three as of yore?
No! I don't think he'd like baked potatoes,
And beer from the public next door.
No! Farewell, my old student friend,
We can never recall the old days.
You stick to your new-found Belgravia,
And I to Bohemia's ways.



"A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH."

Nephew. "HOLD UP, UNCLE! PEOPLE 'LL THINK YOU 'RE SCREWED!"
Uncle (the Wedding Breakfast had been hilarious). "SCREW'D! NO, NO, SHEEROSH! NO'
SH' BAD 'SH THAT! 'SHAME TIME—DON' LE'SH DE"—(lurching heavily)—"OSH'TNASH'LY
SHOBER! 'CAN'T BEAR OSH'TNASH'N!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 25.—House wore business air to-night.
Two days spent in getting ready for work; ready now. Opposition Benches crowded;
electrical condition; going off in startling pops at slightest provocation. ATTORNEY-
GENERAL innocently brings in two Bills. One deals with Criminal Evidence, the other
with Disclosure of Secret Official Information. Amazing reception from Opposition as he
strolls towards table with measures in hand. A quick-witted spontaneous flash of humour.

Windbag SEXTON, who always underlines his jokes, fearful lest meaning of this should
escape attention, asks whether one of the Bills will prevent disclosure of documents and
information in possession of the Government in a case in which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL
holds a brief for one of the parties?

"PIGOTT! PIGOTT!" Irish Members cry. A new sort of incantation this; a strange
weird light illumines countenance of JOSEPH GILLIS as he utters it; it stops the mouth of

CHIEF SECRETARY when presently he rises to reply—"as if it were spigot," says JOHN O'CONNOR, who is presently going to prison, and in meantime claims all sorts of licence. It breaks out now and then *à propos* of all kinds of unlikely things, but always with the same effect.



"Here to-day—gone to-morrow."

Got his notes with finely-turned, adroitly balanced sentences; but has learned how to use them. Good hard-hitting, slashing, debating-speech.

"By far the best thing MORLEY has done yet," said WHITBREAD. "He has discovered the secret of his certain success. Always marvel to me that his platform speeches should be so effective, and his House of Commons lectures so inadequate. What he had to do when standing at table of House was, to imagine he was on the platform at Newcastle. Did it to-night, and made a great hit."

Weighty words these. No one who has not lived in House of Commons for twenty years knows how wise is WHITBREAD. "Solomon in all his habiliments," as LAWSON says, "was not half as impressive as WHITBREAD's waistcoat."

BALFOUR brave to the last; his back to the wall. So far from being depressed, he is defiant. Instead of retreating, sallies forth on encompassing array. Perfect the single stroke by which he smote O'BRIEN and GEORGE TREVELYAN. TREVELYAN, he said, had gone so far as to found upon the eloquence of O'BRIEN the argument that he ought to be treated better than other people. "About the merits of Mr. O'BRIEN's style," BALFOUR went on to say, with a graceful obeisance to TREVELYAN, "no man has a better right to judge than the Right Hon. Baronet. Few have had fuller experience of it; an awkward reminiscence of the days when TREVELYAN sat in the place of Chief Secretary, and the Irish pack, who now applaud, nightly howled at him."

Business done.—JOHN MORLEY moved Amendment to Address.

Tuesday.—Only one subject of conversation in either House to-day.



Saunderson's Bottle-holder.

Comedy and tragedy take turn in debate. Comedy, SAUNDERSON, full of quips and cranks, keeping the House in constant roar. Tragedy by JOHN DILLON, pale-faced, dark-haired, sad-voiced, denouncing a system of Government, which

he says "breeds PIGOTTs as corruption breeds worms." SAUNDERSON brought down prodigious number of *impromptus* neatly written down on note-paper. WARING takes charge of manuscript, as, sheet after sheet, SAUNDERSON flings it back on the bench. Also carries in hand a tumbler containing refreshment. Hands it up at regular intervals, occupying spare moments with collecting and rearranging the used-up manuscript. A pretty, touching sight!

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—Thought just now there would be bloodshed under black shadow of gallery on left of SPEAKER. An outburst of angry conversation; a sudden tussle; and O'HANLON discovered on his legs excitedly throwing his arms about.

"I want this Gentleman to apologise," he said. "I'll just give him a minute to think, and if he doesn't apologise I will—"

What O'HANLON contemplated drowned in roar from shocked House. "This Gentleman" evidently HAVELOCK, who sat bolt upright looking into space.

This was O'HANLON's second incursion into proceedings. A few minutes earlier had interjected remark from one of the side-galleries and been repressed by SPEAKER's stern cry of "Order!" Had thereupon descended, entered from behind SPEAKER's chair, skirted bench from which T. W. RUSSELL was addressing House, and, *à propos de bottles*, persuasively whispered in his ear the magic word, "PIGOTT!" Precisely what followed is a matter of contention.

HAVELOCK, called upon for explanation by SPEAKER, said he "happened, by accident, to come into contact with O'HANLON." O'HANLON, on the contrary, shouted out, "The Hon. and Gallant Gentleman, as I suppose I am bound to call him, comes over and throws himself on me." However it was, here was O'HANLON angrily regarding the clock, and narrowly limiting HAVELOCK's opportunity.

"I'll not give him much time," he said. "Just a minute to think."

What a position for a man who had ridden into Cawnpore and won the Victoria Cross! Only sixty seconds and his blood would dapple the walls of the House of Commons! CHAPLIN, standing at Bar, in Heavy-Father attitude, held his breath.

SPEAKER attempted to bring about strategic movement in relief of gallant General. Called on RUSSELL to proceed. RUSSELL went on with his remarks; hadn't got through many sentences when O'HANLON discovered once more on his legs, waving his arms semaphore fashion, blood-thirstiness in his eye and a crumpled copy of the Orders in his hand.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he roared, "I beg your pardon again, but he says I had better get out of this." "He," the indomitable HAVELOCK.

SPEAKER interposed with increased gravity, and HAVELOCK, casting on O'HANLON a glance that should have withered him, stalked away with his still uncrushed head defiantly upcast.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—G. O. M. resumed Debate to-night. Seems to have renewed his life, like the eagle, in foreign parts. Voice come back in all its force; bubbling over with high spirits, particularly tickled by proximity of CHAMBERLAIN; goes through some high comedy scenes with him, amid rapturous cheers from Pit and Gallery. Parties in the Stalls a little glum. Been the usual *lever de rideau*, in which Ministers called over the coals about alleged connection with the departed PIGOTT. TIM HEALY got his back up; cross-examines OLD MORALITY with pitiless persistency. HARCOURT tries to put an ear in; but not to be mentioned in same boat with TIM.

Just before midnight ended Debate, PARNELL turns up. Enthusiastic reception; disposition to chant, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," stopped by SPEAKER. *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address rejected by 339 votes against 260.



The Heavy Father of the House of Commons.


AN IMPERFECT RIDDLE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—When it is wound up. Obviously. Only then the watch will go, but the Company stops.

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THE FINEST MADE

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